

# THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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## THE WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.

### THE METALS.

Silver, 64 1/2c per ounce.  
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### AS TO CHIEF LYNCH.

Our morning contemporary quotes Mayor Thompson as saying, regarding Chief of Police Lynch:

"I will say that I have been expecting the resignation of the chief for some time, but have not yet received it. I thought that he would resign immediately after the new administration assumed control. I am still expecting his resignation."

To use language with which Mayor Thompson is most familiar, the language of the turf, the chief executive is a most inconsistent performer. A little more than two years ago Mr. Thompson, then about to retire from the mayoralty, was guilty of the unspeakably small performance of appointing William J. Lynch as chief of police. The sole object of Thompson in taking this step was to embarrass the incoming administration, to make it impossible, if he could, for Mayor Morris to choose a chief of police.

There was no thought in the mind of Thompson that Lynch would resign when the Morris administration assumed control of city affairs. By what line of reasoning does he now arrive at the conclusion that the resignation of the chief and the assumption of control by the Thompson administration should be simultaneous? Why should he expect Chief Lynch's resignation? Is he not responsible for Lynch? Did he not foist Lynch upon the people of Salt Lake City?

Lynch is certainly justified in assuming that if he was good enough for Thompson two years ago he is good enough for Thompson now. That is the only rational view to take of the question. If his penitence has returned to plague him Thompson should take his medicine like a true sport. He is the last man in all Salt Lake that has a right to whine, whimper and sulk over the continuance of Chief Lynch in office, the refusal of the chief to resign.

"But whatever his motive," says our morning contemporary, discussing the Lynch case in its news columns, "it seems that Lynch fails to realize the proprieties of the situation in which he is placed." If our contemporary will permit us, we suggest that Lynch is about the only party to the controversy who does possess a realizing sense of the proprieties of the case.

### RIGHTS OF VENDORS.

The New York supreme court has just handed down a decision that will be of general interest. It concerns the right of a firm or corporation doing a wholesale business to refuse to sell goods to a retailer for any reason or for no reason. The court held that this right is held by the vendor. The suit was filed by a dealer in tobacco against the tobacco trust.

The trust tried to buy the dealer out. He refused to sell, preferring to do business independently. Then the trust, which controls nine-tenths of the tobacco business of the country, declined to sell the dealer any of its tobacco. He brought suit to compel the trust to sell him goods and to pay him \$100,000, the amount of damage he claimed he suffered by reason of his inability to buy tobacco.

The facts as stated were admitted by the defense, save and except the \$100,000 damages. The supreme court declares that, while the laws of New York prohibit restraint of trade, refusal to sell goods to an individual or firm is not such restraint. It is held that a seller, even though he or it has a monopoly on a given article, can sell or refuse to sell at his or its option to any one. In effect, the decision declares the trade boycott, a most powerful weapon, to be legal.

If the opinion had been handed down by New York's court of last resort it would have a far-reaching effect in that state. Fortunately for the plaintiff, however, he has still the right to appeal to the highest court. The decision of that tribunal will be awaited with considerable interest, not only in New York, but elsewhere. For the New York decision will certainly be used as an authority in other cases.

A somewhat similar case was heard in Philadelphia in a federal district court not long ago, although the question of the rights of the seller to sell was not raised. A druggist brought suit against a combination of drug

manufacturers for refusing to sell him goods because he operated a cut-rate store. In this case it was held that the refusal to sell for the reason named was such a restraint of trade as would come within the intent of the federal anti-trust act.

### CALL MONEY AT 125.

Lyman J. Gage, Jacob H. Schiff, Frank A. Vanderlip and other bankers have been sounding warnings and prophecies lately. They believe that unless our currency system is made more elastic there is sure to be a bad panic. This panic, we are assured, is not scheduled for the immediate future. Just now the financial sky is clear enough. At some time, though, according to the bankers, the country is going to have very serious trouble.

These observations have been brought out by the recent high price of call money in New York. One day call money went to 125 per cent. Few loans were made at this figure, but many were negotiated at from 60 to 90 per cent. The general public, however, will find difficulty in seeing why the high interest rate for call money in New York should constitute a serious menace to the prosperity of the country at large.

There has not been a time in recent years when money was as plentiful as today. Promoters of legitimate mining enterprises are finding no difficulty in securing funds. The same condition prevails with regard to industrial propositions of practically every character. Long-time loans at low interest rates are exceptionally easy to secure if the security offered is sufficient. The country need not be alarmed, therefore, over any stringency in the Wall street money market.

The stringency there is an artificial one. It is brought about by speculators who, "loading up" with long lines of stocks, find themselves unable to carry them and are compelled to have money at once at any figure to tide them over the difficulty. Or the stock gamblers go "short" on securities. That is, they sell stock they do not possess in the belief that they will be able to buy it in at a lower figure in time for delivery. Instead of falling the stock goes up and the broker or the "lamb" must find the money with which to stay in the game.

The prosperity of the United States as a whole rests upon too firm a basis for it to be disturbed by a stock gamblers' panic. Gentlemen who are on the wrong side of the market may pay 300 per cent for call money without hurting in the least the general welfare.

### "HALL OF SHAME."

The proposition of Emil Servich, a wealthy resident of Silver Lake, N. Y., to give \$100,000 for the erection and maintenance of a "Hall of Shame," sounds freakish, but Mr. Servich says he is very much in earnest. Only three cities, New York, Boston and Pittsburgh, are included in Mr. Servich's available list. This does not mean that niches in the hall will be reserved exclusively for citizens of the municipalities named. Candidates for the dishonors can be presented from any part of the country. The hall must, however, be erected either in Pittsburgh, New York or Boston.

In the "Hall of Shame," if Servich works out his plan, or rather if his proposition is accepted by one of the cities named, there will be placed each year the names and statues of the five men who have been most active in injuring the masses of their fellow citizens. He suggests that the selections be made by a board of directors elected by a vote of the people in the city that is to be the home of the hall. And the city accepting the gift must agree to maintain it for at least one hundred years.

It is not necessary for a man to die to get into the "Hall of Shame." All that is necessary is for him to wrong a considerable number of his fellow-men. Do you know the idea is not such a bad one? If it could be seriously worked out, which is doubtful, it might have a very salutary effect. Nobody is so low, so depraved, so lost to all sense of right and wrong that he would be willing to have his infamy perpetuated in enduring marble.

Some of the gentlemen who now oppress the people by means of trusts that extort high prices for food products, some of the gentlemen responsible for other items in the increased cost of living, might be deterred in a measure by the thought that they were carving for themselves a niche in the "Hall of Shame."

Senator Scott thinks it would be a good business proposition for the government to have buildings of its own in all cities of 5,000 population and over. Yet wouldn't such a step deprive some members of the national congress of revenue they now receive directly and indirectly from the rental of postoffice buildings to the government? Seems to us we have heard something of that sort.

James J. Hill says he is not afraid of any railroad legislation. Mr. Hill is not, however, maintaining a lobby in Washington to further the passage of rate-making laws.

George M. Hanson is again being talked of for position of postmaster of Ogden. Mr. Hanson has been a near postmaster once before.

What a pity it is that we can't have our coal shortage in the summer time.

Bad advertising like bad whiskey may cost less than good, but first cost is a secondary consideration when the disastrous effects are counted—Rusty Mike's Diary.

## Rival Fat Burlesquers on Broadway

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, Jan. 5.—How long ago was it that partisans of Forrest and Macready fought each other to death in Astor Place? Time changes our theatrical tempers. We regard the drama with less awe and more respect. Mock heroes are not real heroes to us any more. Booth and Salvini played with, not against, each other. Who would get angry, or think of striking a blow, if Mansfield and Tree were to act at opposite sides of a street? The competition in New York over players nearest to a contention is between Tenpleton and Marie Dressler come out, as they did on New Year's day, in new shows simultaneously. But they are so jolly and fat that it wouldn't be possible for them to convince any one—all though it may be true—that they feel cross to each other. The Tenderloin regards Fay and Marie as big examples of burlesquing in bulk, and questions and answers might run thus: What is a ton in weight? Two thousands pounds. What is a tun in capacity? Two hundred and fifty gallons. Can you name two ton-tuns in dramatic art? Fay Templeton and Marie Dressler.

The two plays in which the two burlesquers are to appear are "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," which was a sure thing, having had a good spell in Chicago, and "Twiddle-Twiddle," which was fresh, somewhat raw, from these nights only of practice up-state. That gave an advantage to Fay, usually unready on opening nights; for whatever she had done approved in Chicago was bound to please in New York. In dramatic art cities are more alike in theatrical taste than the largest two. But Marie's antics were new and uncertain. There are those who won't let her fun excuse her vulgarity. But they do include New Yorkers who keep along with stage and society's gait—that is, the portions of stage and society that go a rapid pace and hand in hand. "Twiddle-Twiddle" filled Joe Weber's specialty stage so snugly with pretty girls that it didn't look possible to squeeze another on without making room by taking some of the old ones off; yet three comedians contrived to get in among them for clowning; and then Marie, six feet high and four feet wide, hurled herself into the midst of them. But they were elastic creatures and compressible, and the impact didn't throw any of them across the footlights to the hickish show girl chasers who sit in their usual rows of desire. For this was a great exhibition of beauty in the Weberfelds' manner.

But Marie was taken for a good-fellows woman, not a big sensuous, but very comely. She was the big daughter of little Weber, searching in Europe for a nobleman to buy for a toy husband, she picked up her parent by the nape of the neck, tucked him under her arm, threw him over her shoulder and laid him across her lap for a spanking. When she swung her massive hips in a Spanish fandango and lit Weber and Charley Bicklow, they flew right and left from her sides like baseballs battered with a sledgehammer. When a team of footballing collegians taught Weber their game, and plied themselves on Broadway, the scene as though bounced from Broadway and struck on the top of the heap, to balance there pawing and kicking as long as the audience kept laughing. That was the kind of a comedienne that Marie is.

A year ago, George M. Cohan brought "Little Johnny Jones" as close to Broadway as any theatrical boss would let him, and his first audience was inclined to think that his serious dramatization of Ted Sloan's jockeying in Ireland would be down to its knees in dance and gaieties; but the experiment gave a new twist and turn to extravaganza, and since then Cohan has been tagged like the bellweather of a sheep-herd flock of showmen. On Broadway, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," we knew that he had followed his own lead and gone further; that the character created for Fay Templeton, while mostly a jovial, rollicking fellow, had some serious aspects as a millionairess under a will stolen by malefactors in a burglary moonlight at midnight. The Tenderloin has for so many years sworn by Fay that no matter what she might do, it wouldn't swear at her; so it applauded her when she became melodramatic quite as heartily as it had when she was farcical. The two men, though, if she liked it when the laughter went aside from her to a Victor Moore, just promoted from vandyke-finding obscure talent to a more important role of a Chuck Connors talker of slang—the Kid who moves up from the Bowery to that New Rochelle which is "forty-five minutes from Broadway"—and blends his humor with the affairs, grave and gay, of suburban commuters.

The New Year's day drama of dignity, or at least of strut, did not maintain its pose of importance. Nobody by Winston Churchill, novelist, and Louis Evan Shipman, playwright, did not miss failure by enough to meet success; nor did "Julie Bon-Bon," which Clara Lipman had written; yet the faults of those pieces were interestingly dissimilar. The two men had stuck so close to the beaten path of romantic melodrama that an audience eager for newness couldn't get engrossed in old story told again in an old, old way. And the woman had dashed so boldly away from the rules and regulations of play-making that her work was patchwork of small aggregate account. Much improvement seems possible in both cases and so the ventures may yet be saved.

Winston Churchill is a homeopathic novelist. His doses are sugary pellets. It is a Churchill idea that even the most casual-minded American should know the history of his country; that intimate impressions of natural events may be taken into the system and retained, if swallowed in pleasant form of fictional romance. The picture of New Orleans in its French-Spanish-American evolutionary period, which was the purpose of "The Crossing," in both book and play, does not make the Carvels idealize the historic illustration with love. That worthy family, which in separated generations made the purpose of "The Crossing" a reality, in "Richard Carvel," and of before-the-civil-war days in "The Crisis," hardly did as much for "The Crossing" as put on the stage. The hero is so very good, the villain is so very bad, and everything is labeled so plain, that nothing is left to the imagination. And there is such an abundance of what the critics call "theatrical" and "rather-would-it-die" phraseology that the hearers laugh.

The understanding is that Mark Hanna money has enabled John Blair, clever and ambitious actor, to bring out "The Crossing." Blair and Mabel Burr do well with an old scene that is as good now as ever it was—where the hero finds his long-lost erring mother, and, by the machination of the villain (the double-dyed villain who had led the mother astray and was almost de-

plorable). That same evening I went to see "A Crown of Thorns," and I didn't find it a piece of place, but the same old melodrama with no crown for the wronged wife, but a plenty of thorns to jab into her. And here again I saw the foundations of the stage undermined. "Believe me, Dorothy," said the malevolent gentleman to the credulous girl, "I mean you no harm. I have come to tell you that if you go to the old mill tonight all will be well. Don't fail to be at the old mill."

Then from the gallery came the loud impertinence, "Not on yer life, Dorothy," and "Give 'em the kibosh on the old mill."

Dorothy wavered a moment, but rallied to her professional duty—as I felt sure she would, knowing that she was a granddaughter of the old mill, who had been lured to the old mill a thousand times in Joe Emmet's first "Fritz" almost half a century ago. Still, the spirit of ribaldry had been raised and the thrills were much impaired by mirth when—at the one of the faithfully traditional melee by the malevolent gentleman, his prison pal and his bad lady friend—the girl was slung into the old mill stream, to be caught up by the old mill wheel, drenched but not drowned. What are we coming to if the old mill is to grind out melodrama no more with the waters of the past?

Clara Lipman wrote "Julie Bon-Bon" for her husband, Louis Mann, and herself to act in. She picked out Camille from "Camille" as the role for her and Old Eccles from "Caste" for him. She certainly meant to be good to herself and her husband. The Camille as paraphrased is a virtuous woman, but her life is crowded with pestering incidents. She is a milliner with a lot father who would sell her to a nasty old satyr. At the same time, she seeks the permission of a fashionable matron to wed her son. Here again we have the Cohan method; for the comedy starts like a musical farce, with shop girls for show girls. But all suggestion of anything as frisky as song or dance is soon driven out of the play and the drama is brought in by a proud matron appeals to her son not to marry the daughter of a drunken reprobate, and the attempt to blend the comedy and drama is by no means so palatable that one can all but see the scissors and paste brush in use from line to line.

Julie is to go to a cafe dinner. Her long is to be the party. His mother as a last bid to keep him at home, throws herself on a couch in a mock fit. A hastily summoned physician gives a hypodermic syringe into her arm and gives her a good dose at a time when, of all times, she wants to keep her eyes wide open. Now, that is an ingenious idea, but it leads to nothing, and we never see the woman again. Does she sleep herself to death?

The best novelty of "Julie Bon-Bon" and it is a promising work for a novice, is a representation of the Caste Liberty. A New York boatman is in a fine M'ss Lipman's sense of theatrical values is keen, humorous and authentic. Julie is distraught by the non-appearance of her mother. Presently, he is brought in by some of his mother's friends, who are spying on the pretty milliner. Thereupon, she expresses her reckless state of heart and soul by dancing on a table. But that is merely a prelude to real emotion. She discovers the belle who is her rival and deflames her with a wild flourish, the equal of which I can't recall in dramatic history. It has been a fine session. Her final outbreak exhausts her. She drops flat in a faint. A lift of a window shade lets in daylight. A voice calls the morning newspapers. Picture! Curtain!! Applause!!!

Fiske O'Hara. Good name for a new Chauncey Olcott or Andrew Jack, eh? And its owner is already as fat as Chauncey or Andrew at half their age. That is a bad start, but in other respects O'Hara is first-rate material. I saw him in "Mr. Blarney From Ireland." He has a chubby, boyish face, the smile of a chorus girl, the brogue of the bogs and the voice of a high tenor angel fit to sing for St. Patrick's own heavenly choir. He wasn't a quarter of an hour old ere he had the love of the heroine, the hate of the villain and the admiration of the audience—gained respectively by blarney, abuse and some old Irish ballads. But at the end of the play he had made no further progress. Indeed, he had lost a little of his first firm grip. He made his advent at a New York garden party, colored and costumed as adroitly as any show girl to look pretty; but by the second act he was unpicturesque in a business office, by the third he was all mixed up in election day rows and by the fourth he might have been born on the grimy pavement for all the green of the sod that he suggested. Fiske O'Hara is fooling with his chances.

The play was a crude representation of life among the New York rabble with a little of Irish comedy clumsily thrust into it. O'Hara sang to the rhythm of his mother as personated by an old slob of a cook, to his wealthy sweetheart while she obligingly took a chair in a foul tenement yard to listen. And the child of the dirty, old, old, old Olcott nor Mack wouldn't do that. O'Hara. The author had put in one boldly good thing, however. There was a pregnant girl with a baby, or a girl with a wrong baby, and one of three men presented was its father.

"Go out of my house in disgrace," said the seemingly heartless father.

The poor girl obeyed.

"Now," the old man continued, "if the author of your shame has a spark of manhood he will follow you and share your shame."

The guilty man didn't stir, but brave, tender, self-sacrificing Fiske O'Hara went after her. And how the audience did whoop it up for him! Moreover, you perceive, what a chance that gave him to see Olcott and Mack and get them one better in the matter of singing a lullaby to a child. Already he had sung to girls and boys of various toddling ages. For a climax he took the wronged girl's wrong baby, and sang for a fact—in his cuddling arms and sang to it like a dulcet darling of a mother. So, after all, hurroo for Fiske O'Hara!

A standard of melodrama, one of its mainstays and bulwarks, is in danger from the assaults of the iconoclast. Here and there I sound the alarm to friends of all that is true, bold and rock-bedded in the orthodoxy of the stage.

"Meet me at the old mill tonight, Alice," said a malevolent man in "His Brother's Crime," last Saturday afternoon, to the sweet young bride whose husband had been wickedly parted from her. "Meet me at the old mill and you shall hear news of your loved one."

Alice was one of those gullible girls that melodrama can't get along without, and she was merely making the usual momentary show of hesitancy when a voice from the gallery said: "Don't you go," and another added, "Cut out the old mill, Alice." Although she wavered under the advice from outsiders, she obeyed her authoritative cues and went to the old mill, where the malevolent gentleman lay in wait to kiss her. His former prison pal was on hand to kill her, his bad lady friend was ready to play a jujitsu trick on him if he undertook to throw her down, and there ensued such butt-in and mix-up as gave him all that was coming to him. Yet that plebeian legitimate scene was damaged deplorably.

That same evening I went to see "A Crown of Thorns," and I didn't find it a piece of place, but the same old melodrama with no crown for the wronged wife, but a plenty of thorns to jab into her. And here again I saw the foundations of the stage undermined. "Believe me, Dorothy," said the malevolent gentleman to the credulous girl, "I mean you no harm. I have come to tell you that if you go to the old mill tonight all will be well. Don't fail to be at the old mill."

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## Events of the Week

Sunday—Big reward offered for the arrest of the murderer of former Governor Steunenberg of Idaho; suspect named Hogan under arrest at Caldwell. General Theodore W. Bingham accepts the police commissionership of New York City. Resignation of John W. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company.

Wednesday—Wealthy New York man found dead in bed at New Haven under suspicious circumstances. Suspect held at Caldwell for murder of Steunenberg is Harry Orchard, well known in Idaho mining camps and also in Colorado. Rojstvensky again opens his mouth, with disastrous results.

Thursday—Plan of Chairman Burrows to "exclude" Reed Smoot from the United States by the Utah delegation attending reception at White House. Sister of Congressman Hull carried from the executive mansion by force after demanding an audience with the president. Thirty-one miners meet death at Coalbrook.

Friday—Champ Clark makes witty and eloquent speech in the house. Evidence accumulating against Harry Orchard, alias Hogan, held for the murder of Steunenberg. Considerable excitement in New Haven over the murder of Edwards. Heartrending stories of massacres of Jews in Russia. Missouri gathering evidence against the Standard Oil company. Saturday—Announcement made that Midshipman Decatur has been found guilty of hazing. H. H. Rogers refuses to answer questions in the suit of Missouri against the Standard Oil company. Smoot case discussed by the senate committee on privileges and elections.

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Fleury, Flutist.  
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Prices—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. All reserved. Smith & Nixon piano used.  
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